School of English Church Music.

CHOIR BOOK No. 1.

WORDS FOR THE USE OF THE CONGREGATION.

PSALM 103. Chant by S. WESLEY.

PRAISE the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me praise his holy Name.

2 Praise the Lord, O my soul: and forget not all his benefits;

3 Who forgiveth all thy sin: and healeth all thine infirmities;

4 Who saveth thy life from destruction: and crowneth thee with mercy and lovingkindness;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things: making thee young and lusty as an eagle.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgement: for all them that are oppressed with wrong.

7 He shewed his ways unto Moses: his works unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is full of compassion and mercy: long-suffering, and of great goodness.

9 He will not alway be chiding: neither keepeth he his anger for ever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins: nor rewarded us according to our wickednesses.

11 For look how high the heaven is in comparison of the earth: so great is his mercy also toward them that fear him.

12 Look how wide also the east is from the west: so far hath he set our sins from us.

13 Yea, like as a father pitieth his own children: even so is the Lord merciful unto them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth whereof we are made: he remembereth that we are but dust.

15 The days of man are but as grass: for he flourisheth as a flower of the field.

16 For as soon as the wind goeth over it, it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear him: and his righteousness upon children's children;

18 Even upon such as keep his covenant: and think upon his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his seat in heaven: and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, ye that excel in strength: ye that fulfil his commandment, and hearken unto the voice of his words.

21 O praise the Lord, all ye his hosts: ye servants of his that do his pleasure.

22 O speak good of the Lord, all ye works of his, in all places of his dominion: praise thou the Lord, O my soul.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end. Amen.

ANTHEM 1. (For Christmas.) H. Walford Davies.

UNTO you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign to you; ye shall find the Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger.

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by:
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light—
The hopes and fears of all the year
Are met in thee to-night.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.

No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him,
The dear Christ enters in. [still

O Holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in:
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell:
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Immanuel.

ANTHEM 2. (For Easter.) Henry G. Ley.

THE strife is o'er, the battle done;
Now is the Victor's triumph won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Hallelujah!

Death's mightiest powers have done
their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Hallelujah!

On the third morn He rose again
Glorious in majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Hallelujah!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded
Thee [vants free,
From death's dread sting Thy ser-
That we may live, and sing to Thee.
Hallelujah!

ANTHEM 3. (For Harvest.) Dr. Greene.

THOU visitest the earth, and blessest it, and crownest the year with thy goodness.

ANTHEM 4. Henry Purcell.

O GOD, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee. My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee in a barren and dry land, where no water is.

Thus have I looked for Thee in holiness, that I might behold Thy power and glory.

For Thy loving-kindness is better than life itself. My lips shall praise Thee.

As long as I live will I magnify Thee on this manner and lift up my hands in Thy Name. Because Thou hast been my helper, therefore under the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice. Hallelujah.

ANTHEM 5. R. CREYGHTON.

I WILL arise and go to my Father, and will say, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.

ANTHEM 6. C. V. STANFORD.

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 1. Tune from SOHR'S edition of *Praxis Pietatis* 1668.

PRAISE to the Lord, the Almighty,
the King of creation;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is
thy health and salvation;
All ye who hear,
Now to His temple draw near,
Joining in glad adoration.

Praise to the Lord, Who o'er all
things so wondrously reigneth,
Shieldeth thee gently from harm,
or when fainting sustaineth:
Hast thou not seen
How thy heart's wishes have been
Granted in what He ordaineth?

Praise to the Lord, Who doth
prosper thy work and defend
thee,
Surely His goodness and mercy
shall daily attend thee;
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If to the end He befriend thee.

CATHERINE WINKWORTH and Compilers of Hymns A. & M.

HYMN 2. Tune by SIR H. PARRY.

O PRAISE ye the Lord!
Praise Him in the height;
Rejoice in His Word,
Ye Angels of light;
Ye heavens, adore Him
By Whom ye were made,
And worship before Him,
In brightness array'd.

O praise ye the Lord,
All things that give sound;
Each jubilant chord,
Re-echo around;
Loud organs, His glory
Forth tell in deep tone,
And sweet harp, the story
Of what He hath done.

O praise ye the Lord!
Praise Him upon earth,
In tuneful accord,
Ye sons of new birth;
Praise Him Who hath brought you
His grace from above,
Praise Him Who hath taught you
To sing of His love.

O praise ye the Lord!
Thanksgiving and song
To Him be outpoured
All ages along:
For love in creation,
For Heaven restored,
For grace of salvation
O praise ye the Lord! Amen.

SIR H. W. BAKER.

HYMN 3. Tune by O. GIBBONS, 1583—1625.

LOVE of the Father, love of God the Son,
From Whom all came, in Whom was all begun;
Who formest heavenly beauty out of strife,
Creation's whole desire and breath of life.

Thou the all-holy, Thou supreme in might,
Thou dost give peace, Thy presence maketh right;
Thou with Thy favour all things dost enfold,
With Thine all-kindness free from harm wilt hold.

Hope of all comfort, splendour of all aid,
That dost not fail nor leave the heart afraid:
To all that cry Thou dost all help accord,
The Angels' armour, and the Saints' reward.

Purest and highest, wisest and most just,
There is no truth save only in Thy trust;
Thou dost the mind from earthly dreams recall,
And bring through Christ to Him for Whom are all.

Eternal glory, all men Thee adore,
Who art and shalt be worshipped evermore:
Us whom Thou madest, comfort with Thy might,
And lead us to enjoy Thy heavenly light.

12 cent. Tr. Y.H.

By permission of the Oxford University Press. (Songs of Praise.)

HYMN 4. Tune by S. H. NICHOLSON.

LIFT high the Cross, the love of Christ proclaim
Till all the world adore His Sacred Name.

Come, brethren, follow where our Captain trod,
Our King victorious, Christ the Son of God.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
The hosts of God in conquering ranks combine.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Each new-born soldier of the Crucified
Bears on his brow the seal of Him Who died.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

This is the sign which Satan's legions fear
The mystery which angel hosts revere.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Saved by this Cross whereon their Lord was slain,
The sons of Adam their lost home regain.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

From north and south, from east and west they raise
In growing unison their song of praise.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

O Lord, once lifted on the glorious Tree,
As Thou hast promised, draw men unto Thee.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Let every race and every language tell
Of Him Who saves our souls from death and hell.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

From farthest regions let them homage bring,
And on His Cross adore their Saviour King.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

Set up Thy Throne, that earth's despair may cease
Beneath the shadow of its healing peace.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

So shall our song of triumph ever be,
Praise to the Crucified for victory.
Lift high the Cross, etc.

G. W. KITCHIN and M. R. NEWBOLT.

FAITH PRESS, LTD.